

*Don't rely on anything that's worked before—
nothing ever has.*

**negativity is the new posi.*

herstory.



Please send any comments, critiques, care
packages, personal sentiments and reactions,
Catholic figurines, bleached bibles and broken
wristwatches to

Herstory.
c/o Boing! Anarchist Collective
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Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.
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* I had a difficult time deciding if I should call this collection
"negativity is the new posi" or "negativity, the new posi." The
former sounds a bit presumptuous for my taste. Robin said
the latter sounded sillier and I agreed. If the title is too
strongly worded for your taste too, I agree. If you feel
strongly on this issue, please let me know.

The included are my thoughts on many things. Over the course of this project three categories emerged: what I hate (7), elements of decline (6-ish), and what I don't know and why I don't know it, called motion (4-ish).

Some of these vignettes, poems, diatribes, complaints, and observations are accompanied by stomping that one day I might figure out how to convey in text, but for now in print these are incomplete. All are ideas captured in a moment or several, subject to future developments, and therefore incomplete when not in print as well.

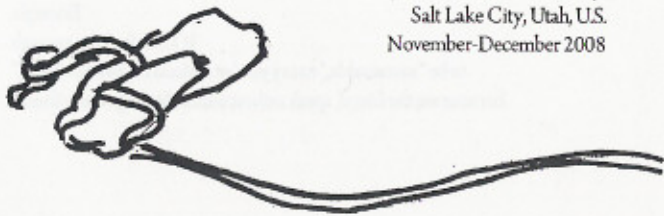
I use *we* to represent a multitude of groups. *We* may represent you in one segment, but the other in another, yet another in another. I want the repetition of *we* and its divergent meanings to help illustrate to the grayness and multiplicity in all our interactions.

For reasons that I don't explore here the positive things in my life, of which there are many, do not particularly inspire me. Instead most of my inspiration originates in anxiety, anger, frustration and the namesake for this collection, negativity.

Thanks for reading even if you do or don't get any further,

Herstory.

Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.
November-December 2008



The rhetoric has two heads, but one ideology

We host this single problem, malcontention:
Rivalry, competition, debate, a really bad fucking struggle of opposition and blind
determination to overcome
sustained by unsubscribe-able subscript remorse.

The one thing that makes us what kills us ... cancer ...
The one thing that makes us what kills everything else in our path, off to the side,
over yonder, on the other side of the earth, thousands of miles above our heads and
below our feet, in other planetary orbits ... malignant civilization ...
is this competition that oddly enough
we (not me, but still we) pride ourselves in
enough to say it will save us enough
from the global devastation enough
that we've put in motion enough
and probably won't be able to retractate enough
to "sustain" enough
of an environment enough
to survive enough.
in Enough.
Enough.
It's not fucking enough
to be "sustainable," to say you're a friend of "environment,"
because we, the friend, speak onliest with a slit tongue, my friend.

I quote works authored by Brian Greene and Joseph Smith Jr.
on pages 18 and 7 respectively.

Smith Jr., Joseph. *The Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. Salt Lake City, Utah, 1921, 13.
Greene, Brian. *The Elegant Universe*. New York: W. W. Norton &
Company, 1999, 25.

I'd say *The Elegant Universe* is worth a read.

III. Motion d'action

We're no longer interested in escaping.

I want to **impact** every moment, person, object, wall, bar, jail door.

I want the collisions, assaults, and lent hands explosions and that will bring into motion the breakdown—

Escape might afford some secondary inspiration, a picturesque plot, from which cellmates can derive a moral, a meaning, a highly recommended process that got one in six-point-eight billion out.

Escape won't do those around me any justice, but some broken bars, cracked plaster, popped Plexiglas and wrenched mesh wire might prevent the next captive's residence—or, at least forestall it—and diable many more.

Jailers refill cells again and again and again—Demolition.



I don't know enough

if the life I lived until this moment is enough

to make this awing host enough

of my fault enough to say, "fuck me."

Or if picking off one by one by one of the parasites feeding in enough

of my brain is enough to say, "fuck you."

Or even if those pathetic enough

designations will do enough ...

anything by now ... at this point ... in the future.

We're fucked enough

and we have fucked enough.

We're still fighting enough

to perpetuate the denouement and all we can say is wait!

We'll ride our bikes, we'll take out a few lawns, we'll frown on the construction of

highways that perforate and tear fragile ecosystems and build underpasses that

direct "wildlife" underneath the flow of traffic where "it" belongs,

we'll buy, consume, feed, heat our houses, fight with you less, really just enough,

cooperate just enough

to get by for the time ... as it stands ... not for long.

The math does not depend, which side of the tongue you are on.

What I do is not enough

to stop the host from its course. Nature will survive, enough.

We'll contend for our survival enough, but we won't

and it's this single problem.

On the simple process of becoming jaded

Power hovers in the atmosphere surrounding the periphery of our feet making pillars out of healthy minds and then—

Inhaled in desperation and exhaled in anger and pretense.
The utility and its irrevocable casualties inundate your, my, our eyes.
Cataractic deluges flush our eye-sight
with every turn of phrase and push-come-to-shove that
puts them, who(?), someone else at our feet,
not that we can see them by this time, anyway.

An air of authority comes and goes with the pattern of the wind
and I can't figure out what's wrong with my eyes.
Another gust and diesel fuel fills my lungs to send
and every gust that came before returns to lend
ammo and force, every muscle surges and reacts as my eyes collapse.
I may not be able to see where I'm at,
but I *know* the enemy and the film is thick.
The wind rushes me towards the end of the tunnel, the light
only to disappear, dilate, parlay, and reunite.

But will I be able to see the damage that's left in my wake
when I arrive in the open? (Repeat)
I see no demise. By this time
I don't even know what my own compromise looks like, anyway.



II. Momentum

I think this momentum starts with a push
whether a touch on the hand,
a tap on the arm,
a knock on the head,
a slap in the face
that plants a realization,
I'm not happy and I'm not the only one.



Some then stumble from arrest to arrest to arrest
the muscles in their faces tightened three years ago and won't let go of their mouths,
their time, and over time their minds—
slowly spinning under *very important* books, tedious papers and electronic files or
the futile mazes made of their first reactions: free beer parking lots, basement
bedroom drugs and satellite relayed entertainment, of which that their parents did
not approve.

Others descend into a rabbit hole of immersion therapy, whether by a jump
or a fall, face first into a hole
and never bother with the rest of the world again.
Gravity pulls harder as we speed closer to a bottom
that really circles back to jettison us in to the air
away from the now thankfully unfamiliar
and into one another.

I. If we break our *wristwatches* maybe we'll have the time catch up to one another.

The distances and speeds, at which we travel, construct, distort, dictate our view,
intake, and perception;
Co, zhe, she and he easily blur into they, and they into other.
Intuitions collapse into black and white fragments;
Instinct removed a long time ago;
we reel abandoned, in variant phases of motion;

*two individuals in relative motion will tick at different rates
and possibly never click at the same moment.*



The last dot on the last i, tells us that you really care.

We're piecing together a new comprehensive program to save the world. With the proper amount of funding we can provide a cost-effective number of amenities to those who meet the requisite criteria.

The revolution will be purchased wholesale and sold at retail price to the choir. No, I feel confident that with the right amount of verbage, the ideas will move.

Thank you for your contribution and don't worry; the demographic surveys are ready for each market district. We will surely be in touch and did I mention congrats on the story on the front page?



Approximately 41% of married couples divorce. Those with children have a *lower* rate of divorce than childless couples, Dad.

One visit every six years is not OK.

Your attempts to garner my attention
cannot obscure how many years
my mother spent garnishing your income.

Child support is more than seasonal affection,
monthly scraps,
sporadic email shout outs.
Regular installments are required.

Sincerely,
Your daughter.

Getting saved won't come from Jesus—this much I know.

"Our fathers"

To be said prayerfully

O Father who art in heaven,
Hollowed be thy name.
Thy Will be done
on earth, whether due or asked.
Given this day by their hourly tithe.
And give us our trespasses
as those who trespass against us you forgive.
And lead us not into convention,
but deliver us from power, so we might live:

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and thy
glorious kingdom come undone, for ever.
All men, consecrated.

Split Vignettes

I'm taking on whole concrete sidewalk slabs in one leap
And not stopping to catch my breath,
instead letting my breath catch up to me.
One side is hopeless, jaded and caught:
The other has so much momentum she can't stop!

The best life means sacrifice
and as a result, home will never be perfect
or stagnant,
but
it can always be there.

Exsiccatechism

My itchy sweater pulls down; abrasion's strident sound ruffles the air,
textured fabric on textured skin.

Magic makes the air soft clean a little cold. Breathe it in; absorb the day.
Horizons are goals when the air is wet and light.

Sunday's exorcise,

Exsiccate—verb with an object—dry up, parch, and extract all moisture from ...

You must ask Me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall

burn within you; ... sucked, siphoned, catechized

every drop of wonder gone from us catechumen

therefore, you shall feel that it is right therefore, you cannot write that which is sacred
save it be given you from me

Cast iron credenda, due order dogma,

Bible to brain, cracked hand to cool head, frying oil ...

Did not our heart burn within us, while he opened to us the scriptures?

Mystery materializes once again as our skin repairs

Marks of our childhood catechism itch underneath.

The sear we know denies us the choice to heal, forget and soak.

Catechists, fathers, elders, abusers

burn communities to ash in sacred fonts

We crawled out—cracked, dry, parched—from under their torchless fingertips

A believer is not complete until we're dust.

D&C 9: 8-9

Luke 24: 32

Weight! I don't know what comes next. That's what this negativity is for.

Deaf. It's hard to take in, much less articulate more
than the green and blue faces with gray looks in their eyes,
the bloated stomachs and the brown sky.

A visionary is not someone who spits critiques at their surroundings,
I am not a visionary; you are not a visionary. We have no vision.

As far as I can tell.

We only have vague hopes: bike tubes get holes,
shoplifters get caught, relationships fall apart
and none of that matters to the people who sell out,
the pigs who take you away, the goatheads in our tires,
the people in our lives that should matter the least.

I want your pestilence away from me,
my community, my friends. I want you
and you and you and you never to stop and tear down the sky;
our hopes are only shadows of our present,
we cannot repeat these lives.

Move! We, I, need to move

The decline of the most fervent minds of my generation moves in
pulled by our own hands and I am not an exempt.

(A set of five)

Summation: All infect our minds, impede the dialogue that has the
potential to bind us, and reduce our lives to what is already in our
grasp rather than the vastness suspended just beyond our fingertips.

Property and possessions, as means of decay

I'm sick of "take for me," because "I was raised.. " this way,
"take for me," because everyone deserves a certain, high, hyped,
hyperreal, inane, insufferable standard of life no matter
what the cost, only the gain
like a child you cry I want my city clean,
I want my leather shoes and saddle,
in a semi arid desert, I want my hot tub,
my man of God, my designer-bred toy dog,
my sexist comedians, my biweekly paycheck,
my oil shale car, my food as fast as my cellular
telephone, fast!
I want my Bible!
I want you wrecked by your sickness.
We want this to end.

Parody, as means of detachment

An entire generation on voluntarily hiatus,
an entire generation subliminally singing
the single greatest hit, parody.
The true calamity comes now,
when the song percolates, the chart peaks, and the stores cannot
sell enough of our own irresponsibility back to us,
when we cannot change.. just distract and recreate,
manufacture an unprovocative,
vacant speechless take
on—the past, the endless muse for the circles
we fasten ourselves in—self-righteously, ridiculous.
Weight! A useless look, a useless life and everyone just laughs
their faculties nescient, and limbs weak
under heavy attire marred in a joke
that no one dissonants to say is not funny.
Where is the threat of this generation? It's in their plastic cups.
Why does everyone want to be young? Because, they're just putting on the past
History repeats and repeats and repletes
our lives with advertising, cost, profits, and escape routes
We are not laughing. I am not laughing.

Passive aggression, as means of dissolution

Just as it is impossible to imagine
with division after division after division, after you and your fucking shit
Clique!
justice is a threat.
weight!! we don't know what that means
weight!! that idea lost to life-term politicians
weight!! you grapple for it every chance you get
weight!! the sad truth of "you'll know when you're older"
weight!! for your shit talk,
weight!! for your fucking life lessons,
fuck you! for your condescension,
my experience, my time, my life, my decision!
weight!! I want to nitpick away everyone who wastes their movement
weight!! every hyper conversation limited by passive aggression
weight!! in need of change, but!
our visions marred with what we think we understand,
the tiny circle we dance ad nauseum.

Drug culture, a means of disintegration

A red light, you sit,
A red light, you sit,
I can't believe, blink my eyes, shake my head, move it,
fucking move, fucking move, move, move, move, move!
We need to fucking move.
I want to move.
Out of this state, this city
we can't escape. Interact
in your culture, in your background
in your mind, there,
here to fight or never look at the destructive
the shit pissant way we live
the fluorescent lights that turn our faces green,
the individual computer screens that turn our faces blue,
the alcopops, alcoholic drops that turn our world tolerable, gray,
the scriptures that turn your brain to malleable mush
the alkalinity that turns our acidity putrid and poisonous
is poisonous, the way everyone around you and I
yes I and you live is poisonous.